

THE PROGRESSIVE AGE.

Devoted to the Science and Ethics of a Class of Subjects which, above all others, are most intimately connected with the Organization, Development and Destiny of Man, together with Phenomenal Facts in every Department of what is known as Spiritualism.

NOT AUTHORITY FOR TRUTH--BUT TRUTH FOR AUTHORITY.

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THE PROGRESSIVE AGE.

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DECEMBER, 1881.

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ATHEISM—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. W. C. BOWMAN,
IN THE LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL CHURCH,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The words atheist and atheism are of Greek origin. They are, in fact, Greek words slightly modified in their endings and pronunciation to make them fit into the English dictionary. The word in Greek is *atheos*, which is itself a compound from *theos*, God, and the negative or privative particle, *a*, meaning *no*, or *without*. So *atheos* means *no God*, or *without God*. Paul uses it in this latter sense when he tells the Ephesians that while they were heathen they were "without God (one word, *atheoi*) in the world." With us now these words are stronger. An atheist now is one who is not merely without a knowledge of God, but who denies his existence; and atheism is the state of mind cherished by an atheist, or the system of belief, or rather of unbelief, held by an atheist.

Atheism is only one form of what is known under the more general terms of "infidelity," or "skepticism." There is a whole family of these words, not very definitely settled in their use, all meaning or implying religious doubt or denial of something. Skepticism is the first and weakest form—the first stage—of unbelief, from the Greek *skeptomai*, *I am looking about*, and applies to one who is confused and don't know what to do, or which way to go. It is an apt and beautiful word, exactly expressing the condition of a man confused on the subject of religion. Infidelity is from the Latin adjective *infidelis*, *unbelieving*, and expresses the second stage of unbelief, implying that the man has become more settled in his doubts. But both these words are general and indefinite in their use. The next

stage of unbelief is more definite and settled, and is expressed by the word *deism*, from *deus*, God. So a deist is a man whose unbelief has crystalized into a definite form. He believes in God, but not in revelation or christianity. *Atheism* is the last stage of unbelief. It denies God Himself and sweeps away every vestige of religious faith, and makes religion itself impossible by destroying its only objective source—a God. Take a metaphor from geography: The man at the equator found the torrid zone (orthodoxy) too hot for him and set out for a cooler climate. Well, that was sensible. But instead of stopping in the temperate zone (liberal christianity), the true climatic medium, as he ought to have done, he keeps on in disgust of his old climate till he enters the arctic regions, never halting till he finds himself at a dead lock amid the icebergs of eternal winter, where the frosts never melt, where the gentle breath of spring is never felt, where birds never sing, and where flowers of immortal hope never bloom.

But my object now is not a refutation of atheism or infidelity in any of its particular forms, but to offer a brief analysis of its *causes*, and point out the remedy by which it is to be cured—if ever.

And first its cause or causes. The cause of infidelity cannot be attributed (as many good people in their innocence suppose) to wickedness and depravity of character. It is a fact that can neither be denied nor dissembled, that the so-called atheists and infidels of the world are not worse than other people. In fact, they often put many professing christians to the blush by the exalted morality and uprightness of their lives. Nay, still more: are there not fewer of professed infidels than of professing christians who find their way into the jails and penitentiaries of the country for infamous crimes and immoralities? This is an ugly question, but let statistics answer if

desired. The cause of infidelity is not depravity of character.

Again, it is not ignorance — want of knowledge and education. On the contrary, it is confessedly the men of thought, high education, and broad and liberal culture, who are becoming infidels and are leading the movement. The stirring and eloquent editorial in the *Constitution* which called forth this sermon, uses exact language on this point. It finds these infidels among the "philosophers," the "scientists," "the leading circles of thought," the "leading writers in every branch." Mark well, it is not ignorance that makes infidels.

Where then shall we look for the cause of this "alarming" crop of skeptics, if not to depravity and ignorance? I answer, that to me the cause seems to be a two-fold one. To speak more accurately, there are two distinct causes at work among civilized men to make infidels of them. One is science. The other—shall I say it—is *religion itself*! The discoveries of science and the absurdities of theology are doing the work.

Let us now briefly mark how these two causes are working their legitimate effects in the christian world.

First, science. That is making skeptics of all men who are not content to let priests do their thinking for them—or rather, who are not content with the religious theology. Science is only another word for knowledge. The increase of science is the increase of knowledge. As knowledge increases opinions necessarily change. Why? Because we are so constituted that we must have opinions and notions whether we have much knowledge or not. God starts us in the world with a blank ledger and with ignorance for our entire stock in trade and only curiosity to back it—endorse for us. At first we get only partial or false conceptions of everything—so far as objective realities are concerned. And now begins check-balancing between notions and knowledge—a little stock of knowledge and a big stock of notions. These notions are beliefs, and the less we know the more we believe. Every addition to knowledge is a subtraction of belief, a modification of form and an elimination of error. Here is the origin of the maxim, "Wise men sometimes change—fools never." But see how grandly knowledge takes the place of ignorance and error. You thought the earth was flat—

a little science corrected the error. You thought the sun, moon and stars went round, did you? Another fact of science dispelled the delusion. All the boys and girls in school are thus becoming infidels—unbelievers in their former creeds of geography and astronomy. Ah, these wicked boys and girls! What will become of them when they die? Then the teachers of these wicked heresies, what will be their fate? They used to be put in prison for such naughty conduct—Galileo for example. Then these miserable infidels and atheists—the scientists. They started out with certain conceptions of the God of their childhood and the God of the world's childhood, the God of Bible metaphors, with hands and feet and arms, and eyes, and mouth, and ears—the anthropologic God of the infant past and of the superstitious present. Knowledge increased. Science rimmed out among the stars of an infinite space, adorned with systems of an infinite beauty and glory, and they said: "We can't believe in the old God any more. A God like a person, like a man, could never be the soul of this mighty infinitude. And the preachers and the good christians, clinging to the "simple faith of their forefathers," cry out: "O! you infidels and atheists!" Now, why should these good men be called hard names for getting more enlarged and correct views of God than for improving on their early notions of geography and astronomy? No; my sentence is that we do these men a wrong. My firm conviction is that instead of branding these heroes of science with infamous names, we should go to their feet and acknowledge the debt of gratitude which the world owes them for exalting our ideas of Deity infinitely above the rude and childish conceptions of the superstitious past. I do not believe there is one real atheist in a thousand of the men so-called, even though they may call themselves atheists, and think themselves atheists in comparison with the prevailing theology.

But I have said religion itself is responsible for much of the so-called infidelity of the world. I mean by that, not "pure religion," as defined by the apostles, "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keeping unspotted from the world." This never made an infidel. I mean false religion and false theology. I mean the multiplicity of its creeds, the absurdity of its tenets and the inconsist-

ency of its life. Christianity is only one religion and it has over three hundred creeds. This confuses men and makes them doubt. They say: Some of these conflicting creeds must be wrong, and if some are wrong, it may be they are all wrong and the whole thing delusion. This makes skeptics. Then some of the monstrous tenets or doctrines of the prevailing Christian creeds make infidels of thousands. Men who use their common sense and refuse to stultify themselves by shutting their eyes and opening their mouths and pretending to swallow what they know won't go down, will tell you plainly, if they are honest and brave, that they cannot believe that one and three are the same number; that a father and his son are the same person; that when one man commits a crime, hanging another man satisfies justice; that a benevolent father would become the author of a number of children, knowing at the same time that a part of them would be hopeless sufferers and outcasts to all eternity; that a mother could be happy in heaven when she knew her child was in hell. And yet if men don't believe these things they are infidels. It is these and such like things, claimed to be true, claimed to be in the Bible, claimed to be Christian doctrines. It is revolting dogmas like these that are manufacturing infidels by the thousand.

So much for the causes of infidelity. As to its cure, much need not be said. As in other ailments, remove the cause and the cure will be effected. Let Christians beware of branding men atheists because they have enlarged and different views of God from the majority. This will greatly reduce the number of atheists. Again, let scientists and all men of thought beware of fallacy in their deductions. Let the man of science remember that he has a spiritual as well as an intellectual nature; that both these faculties need exercise to be normal and healthful; that mental habit has much to do with human beliefs; that looking through a microscope at very small objects habitually for years tends to make people near-sighted; that the telescope ought to be used now and then, sweeping through the upper depths of vision and of glory; that the natural man (the mere naturalist) receiveth not the things of God because (through disuse of his spiritual faculties) they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually dis-

cerned." Let them remember that science and religion are sisters, and that science as the younger one is due respect to her elder sister. Let science be religious, and religion be scientific, and then they will cease to call each other names.

Let religion be rational in her beliefs, and consistent in her practice, and science will no longer call her a fool and a hypocrite. Let science be modest and reverent in the presence of the Infinite, remembering that there is something in the universe greater than a microscope and amoneron, and religion will cease to call her an atheist.

Allow me to say a few words in this connection to still another class of men. I mean the class calling themselves *liberal*. Let us be sure that we deserve that princely title. *Liber* was a book. It was also a free-born child. To be liberal is to be both free and intelligent—free because intelligent. Intelligent in what? In that knowledge especially which leads to just comparison and a true estimate of causes—especially the causes of difference between men and nations. Remember that the very essence of liberalism is the ability and the spirit of making allowances—putting yourself in his place. It has two parts, liberation and toleration. He is no true liberalist who stops halfway, liberated from mental slavery and superstition himself, but intolerant and bitter towards his late fellow servants. Our grand and brilliant Ingersoll errs at this point when he allows himself to say he has "no respect" for men who believe so and so. It may be that his very father was one of the men. Let us remember the pit whence we were digged, and not be bitter against those in bondage still. It is enough for them to carry their chains. Keep in mind that all men are what they are by virtue of their nature and their surroundings, and that beliefs and opinions are a growth and not a construction. While we earnestly remonstrate with our fellow men in our efforts to free them from the superstitions which enslave them, let us remember that we can no more quarrel bitterly with them for opinion's sake in matters of christian faith than with the Japanese for being Budhists, or the Turks for being Mahometans. The only reason we are not all heathen is because we were not born and raised in heathen lands. Remember these things and avoid that narrowness, bigotry

and intolerance you complain of in others.

And now, finally, I beg leave to tender some words of encouragement and comfort to our orthodox brethren of the press, the pulpit and the pew, who seem alarmed and terrified at the infidelity of the times. I think there is no need to be scared about God. He shan't be hurt. Little Johnnie was observed to be shooting in the ground with his bow and arrow, and when asked by his father why he didn't shoot up into the air, he replied that he was afraid he would kill God. Now, there was no danger of that. Johnnie can't kill God with his bow and arrow, nor Bobby either with his little shot-gun. Why, a whole half a dozen infidels like Bob Ingersoll are no match for God, even admitting that Ingersoll is really fighting God. But I do not admit this. I believe he is among the truest and the grandest friends of Christianity now living. To use his own words of matchless beauty, he regards "Jesus, the Nazarene Peasant, as a good, grand and serene man, and gives to him as such the tribute of his love and tears; but for the theological Christ he has no respect." With these sentiments I accept Bob Ingersoll as the pioneer of the future church. What Daniel Boone was to the then future civilization of Kentucky, I think Ingersoll is to the future church of the United States. As a liberated giant he has gone forth into the wilds of the Western frontier, fighting the Indians, and bears, and panthers, and wildcats of fierce superstition, felling the strong old timbers of venerable prejudices and letting the sunlight gleam down among the damp and mouldy shadows of the wilderness. He is doing, in a word, the rough, strong, brave work which we preachers are too cowardly to do. When this rough work is done the superstructure of the future church will be raised by weaker but not more amiable men, and frescoed, painted and beautified by the gentle hands of woman, who shall also be "free and equal" with her brother man. Don't be alarmed about God. The heathen are alarmed about their gods, and will fight for them to the death, and carry them off on their backs to get them out of danger. But our God is not of that sort. He is no decrepit old grandfather to be humored and carried about in an arm chair and kept from tumbling down by his own feebleness, or knocked over by his great grandchildren

in their rude little frolics about his feet. Our God is strong and great and young yet. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with died garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of strength? I that speak in righteousness mightily to save." Don't be alarmed about God; He can take care of Himself. "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Paran. Selah! His glory covered the heavens and the earth was full of His praise. His brightness was as the light; He had horns coming out of His hands, and there was the hiding of His power. Before Him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at His feet. He stood and measured the earth; He beheld and drove asunder the nations; the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting." Have no fears about God's safety. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun which is as a bridegroom that cometh out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it." God is in no danger, dear friends.

He shines in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
He lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, and operates unspent."

Play on, little children; you can't knock down the stars with your marbles, nor put out their twinkling light. They are God's stars, and will twinkle on sweetly upon your little graves when your toys are put away and you are buried. "He maketh the seven stars and Orion, guideth Areturus with his sons, and bindeth the sweet influence of the Pleides"—and my brother men, infidels and all, none of us are in much danger of atheism while the stars shine, and the moon smiles, and sunsets glow, and winds murmur, and the sea roars, and beauty charms and music thrills, and birds sing and flowers bloom, because the living soul in man must forever recognize the living soul of God in all these things. Our views of God are changed, 'tis true, and how glad

we are of it! I would not for the world be back again enslaved by torturing apprehensions of cruel, angry gods, and personal devils and burning hells, and falling stars and pagan judgment days. These superstitions, thank God, have had their day. They are past or passing away. And so far from God and religion—the true God and true religion—being in any danger from the tide of the so-called atheism of the times, this very infidelity itself is the brightest and surest prophecy and promise of true progress in religion. It has always been so. Infidelity is ever the forerunner and very condition of progress in everything. Disbelief of the old is necessary to the incoming of the new. It may look like death and destruction, and it is the death of the old—of that whose time has come to die. But it is also a birth, and the death struggles of the old are the birth throes of the new. The flames of Chicago were terrible, but the new Chicago sprang up from the ashes, and the “glory of the latter city is greater than that of the former.” As in cities, so in religions. The old had to be torn down by the hands of infidels and burned by the fires of reason, common sense and progress, before the better dispensations could be ushered in. Jesus himself was an infidel, a blasphemer to his country and the old religion. For this blasphemy, this infidelity, he suffered death, and before that generation passed away the sun of the old dispensation was darkened, its moon turned to blood, and its stars fell from heaven, and the new reign came in with power and great glory. This is God’s method of progress. Don’t be alarmed about the infidels.

Progress—Thos. Carlyle.

One great step of progress, for example, we should say, in actual circumstances, was this same: the clear ascertainment that we are in progress. About the grand course of providence, and his final purposes with us, we can know nothing, or almost nothing: man begins in darkness, ends in darkness; mystery is everywhere around us and in us, under our feet, among our hands. Nevertheless so much has become evident to every one, that this wondrous mankind is advancing somewhither; that at least all human things are, have been and forever will be,

in movement and change;—as, indeed, for beings that exist in time, by virtue of time, and are made of time, might have been long since understood. In some provinces, it is true, as in experimental science, this discovery is an old one; but in most others it belongs wholly to these latter days. How often, in former ages, by eternal creeds, eternal forms of government and the like, has it been attempted, fiercely enough, and with destructive violence, to chain the future under the past; and say to the providence, whose ways with man are mysterious, and through the great deep: Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther! A wholly insane attempt; and for man himself, could it prosper, the frightfullest of all enchantments, a very life-in-death. Man’s task here below, the destiny of every individual man, is to be in turns apprentice and workman; or say rather, scholar, teacher, discoverer: by nature he has a strength for learning, for imitating; but also a strength for acting, for knowing on his own account. Are we not in a word seen to be infinite; the relations lying closest together modified by those latest discovered and lying farthest asunder? Could you ever spell-bind man into a scholar merely, so that he had nothing to discover, to correct; could you ever establish a theory of the universe that were entire, unimprovable, and which needed only to be got by heart; man then were spiritually defunct, the species we now name man had ceased to exist. But the gods, kinder to us than we are to ourselves, have forbidden such suicidal acts. As phlogiston is displaced by oxygen, and the Epicycles of Ptolemy by the Ellipses of Kepler; so does Paganism give place to Catholicism, Tyranny to Monarchy, and Feudalism to representative government,—where also the process does not stop. Perfection of practice, like completeness of opinion, is always approaching, never arrived; Truth, in the words of Schiller, *immer wird, nie ist*; never is, always is a-being.

Sad, truly, were our condition did we know but this, that change is universal and inevitable. Launched into a dark shoreless sea of Pyrrhonism, what would remain for us but to sail aimless, hopeless; or make madly merry, while the devouring death had not yet engulfed us? As indeed, we have seen many, and still see many do. Nevertheless so stands it not. The venerator of the past (and to

what pure heart is the past, in that "moonlight of memory," other than sad and holy?) sorrows not over its departure, as one utterly bereaved. The true past departs not, nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die; but is all still here, and, recognized or not, lives and works through endless change. If all things, to speak in the German dialect, are discerned by us, and exist for us, in an element of time, and therefore of mortality and mutability; yet time itself reposes on eternity; the truly great and transcendental has its basis and substance in eternity; stands revealed to us as eternity in a vesture of time. Thus in all poetry, worship, art, society, as one form passes into another, nothing is lost: it is but the superficial, as it were the *body* only that grows obsolete and dies; under the mortal body lies a *soul* which is immortal; which anew incarnates itself in fairer revelation; and the present is the living sum-total of the whole past.

In change, therefore, there is nothing terrible, nothing supernatural: on the contrary, it lies in the very essence of our lot and life in this world. To-day is not yesterday: we ourselves change; how can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope. Nay, if we look well to it, what is all derangement, and necessity of great change, in itself such an evil, but the product simply of *increased resources* which the old *methods* can no longer administer; of new wealth which the old coffers will no longer contain? What is it, for example, that in our own day bursts asunder the bonds of ancient political systems, and perplexes all Europe with the fear of change, but even this: the increase of social resources, which the old social methods will no longer sufficiently administer? The new omnipotence of the steam engine is hewing asunder quite other mountains than the physical. Have not our economical distresses, those barn-yard conflagrations themselves, the frightfullest madness of our mad epoch, their rise also in what is a real increase: increase of men; of human force; properly, in such a planet as ours, the most precious of all increase? It is true again, the ancient methods of administration will no longer suffice.

Must the indomitable millions, full of old Saxon energy and fire, lie cooped-up in this western nook, choking one another, as in a blackhole of Calcutta, while a whole fertile untenanted earth, desolate for want of the plowshare, cries: Come and till me, come and reap me? If the ancient Captains can no longer yield guidance, new must be sought after: for the difficulty lies not in nature, but in artifice; the European Calcutta blackhole has no walls but air ones and paper ones. So too, skepticism itself, with its innumerable mischiefs, what is it but the sour fruit of a most blessed increase, that of knowledge; a fruit too that will not always continue *sour*?

In fact, much as we have said and mourned about the unproductive prevalence of metaphysics, it was not without some insight into the use that lies in them. Metaphysical speculation, if a necessary evil, is the forerunner of much good. The fever of skepticism must needs burn itself out, and burn out thereby the impurities that caused it; then again will there be clearness, health. The principle of life, which now struggles painfully, in the outer, thin and barren domain of the conscious or mechanical, may then withdraw into its inner sanctuaries, its abysses of mystery and miracle; withdraw deeper than ever into that domain of the unconscious, by nature infinite and inexhaustible, and creatively work there. From that mystic region, and from that alone, all wonders, all poesies, and religions, and social systems have proceeded: the like wonders, and greater and higher, lie slumbering there; and, brooded on by the spirit of the waters, will evolve themselves, and rise like exhalations from the deep.

Of our modern metaphysics, accordingly, may not this already be said, that if they have produced no affirmation, they have destroyed much negation? It is a disease expelling a disease: the fire of doubt, as above hinted, consuming away the doubtful; that so the certain come to light, and again lie visible on the surface. English or French metaphysics, in reference to this last stage of the speculative process, are not what we allude to here: but only the metaphysics of the Germans. In France or England, since the days of Diderot and Hume, though all thought has been of a sceptico-metaphysical texture, so far as there was any thought, we have seen no metaphysics; but only more or less ineffectual questionings whether

such could be. In the Pyrrhonism of Hume and the materialism of Diderot, logic had, as it were, overshot itself, over-set itself. Now, though the athlete, to use our old figure, cannot, by much lifting, lift up his own body, he may shift it out of a laming posture, and get to stand in a free one. Such a service have German metaphysics done for man's mind. The second sickness of speculation has abolished both itself and the first. Friedrich Schlegel complains much of the fruitlessness, the tumult and trasieney of German as of all metaphysics; and with reason. Yet in that wide-spreading, deep-whirling vortex of Kantism, so soon metamorphosed into Fichteism, Schellingism, and then as Hegelism, and Cousinism, perhaps finally evaporated, is not this issue visible enough. That Pyrrhonism and materialism, themselves necessary phenomena in European culture, have disappeared; and a faith in religion has again become possible and inevitable for the scientific mind; and the word *free-thinker* no longer means the Denier or Caviller, but the believer, or the ready to believe. Nay, in the higher literature of Germany, there already lies, for him that can read it, the beginning of a new revelation of the Godlike; as yet unrecognized by the mass of the world; but waiting there for recognition, and sure to find it when the fit hour comes.* This age also is not wholly without its prophets.

BUDDHISM.

THE GREAT RIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RELIGION WHICH IS INVADING US FROM CHINA AND JAPAN.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

The sixth century before the Christian era seems to have been a period of unwonted mental and moral activity. Perhaps at no time in the history of the world has there appeared such a brilliant constellation of great names—such a marked group of men who have not died. About that time, within the space of a hundred years, Greece produced Pythagoras and Zenophanes—China her Confucius—Persia her Zoroaster, and India Sakyamouni or Buddha. Each of these great leaders of thought in due course had their Platos and St. Pauls preaching with the fervor

of apostles, and stirring the intellect and conscience of both the East and the West to a degree and extent possibly never since equalled.

Sakyamouni, whose fame and philosophy have outlived all his contemporaries, and more deeply impressed themselves on the human mind and history, appeared, as is now generally received, about 550 B. C. Sir William Jones settled the date at 1000 B. C., and some Eastern traditions even earlier, but by common consent the middle of the sixth century has been fixed on as the evidence of history. Some sects of Chinese and Hindoo transcendentalists even go so far as to deny a personal existence to Buddha, but it matters little. Certain it is that at that time there took place a marked religious reform—a great impulse of thought, whose ever-widening waves, yet rolling, have covered a third of the human race, and are now impinging on our shores and civilization.

It is of the life of the historical leader of this great movement, as recorded by history and in the carefully-guarded sacred traditions of the numerically strongest religion of the globe, that we speak to-day, reserving to another time an attempted analysis or sketch of the doctrines of the faith which has proven so acceptable to and taken such firm root on the intellect and moral nature of the greater part of our race.

Sakyamouni is the historical name of great Hindostan reformer. Buddha, which signifies "to know," being rather a theological appellation given in after time, when he became revered and looked back to as the "Incarnation of Supreme Intelligence." As symbolic of this, on the Nepalese pictures of Buddha a vast luminous circle always surrounded his head.

Buddha was a king's son. Oppressed with a sense of the utter vanity and nothingness of all earth, he early began to preach the living for something better, which he found in the dreamless and eternal rest of Nirvana. Although claiming to be nothing more than man, his birth was something more than mortal. The womb that bore him had done its duty, and conceived no more. His mother, Mackamaya, while reposing on her divine couch, was visited by Bodhisat, who came to her "like a cloud in the moonlight," holding in his hand a lotus, and coming from the North.

*Is not this beautiful prophecy already fulfilled in the recent conversion of several of the leading German professors to Spiritualism?—Ed. Age.

In accordance with the general bent of Oriental imagination, his birth was attended with signs and wonders. Stars appeared in the heavens and marvels on the earth; the Ten Thousand Systems of the worlds trembled; a praternatural light shone over all the world; the rivers stopped; the flowers ceased their blow; the birds were silent; the fires of all the bells were cooled, and the bodies of all therein became as ice.

At an early age he revealed his supernatural powers and knowledge, as a child teaching the masters in school.

At the outset of his career he was tempted by the demon Mara. About to leave the palace of his earthly and royal father, Mara met him, saying, "Be entreated to stay, that you may possess the honors that are within your reach. Go not—go not!" But Buddha answered, "A thousand or a hundred thousand honors such as these you name have not power to tempt me now. I seek the Buddhaship. I want not the seven treasures of the Chakra-Warti. Begone! hinder me not!" Then Mara ascended into the air, and gnashing his teeth, said: "From this time forth I shall tempt thee with all the devices I can imagine. Until thou attain the Buddhaship I will follow thy very shadow, and on the day of its attainment, I will bring a mighty army to oppose thee.

Buddha renounced his wife and family, denying himself even a last embrace of his infant son, counting that a man must leave all to perfect himself for the endless rest of annihilation.

During his life and journeyings on this earth, Buddha sent forth his disciples and made missionary labor the special duty of his followers. This he made the test of conversion. A rich man who had left all his goods and become a disciple, Buddha wished to prove, and sent him to win over a fierce and cruel tribe. He told him they were wild and savage people, from whom he must expect insults and many injuries. The rich man answered: "Then I will hold them still for dear, good people, because they neither beat nor cast stones at me." "When, however, they even do this?" "Then I will say even the same, for they could indeed wound me with weapons." "But this also will happen." "Now, then, are they still dear, good people, because they do not rob me of my life." "But when they kill thee?" "Then will I thank their

love that frees me with so little pain, from this miserable body." "Go, Parna," said Buddha, "thyself redeemed, redeem them." And go he did, and converted the tribe.

Buddha was deeply and overwhelmingly impressed with the emptiness and unrealness of the world. This was the burden of his sermons, and the *point d'appui* from which he worked. A profound sense of the misery of human life is the basis of his philosophy. Nothingness is its idea, and the worship of that idea became the Buddha religion. All men, without regard to rank, birth or condition, form one great suffering association in this vale of tears. "All being is wrong—all is pervaded with sorrow." Birth, age, sickness, death, are but the history of misery, "Only one feeling of unspeakable grief."

All that was respectable, all the conventional religion of the time; all that was established and received in good society, and by "the" church of Hindostan, he travestied and declared a mistake and a grievous wrong. His humility and gentleness prevailed against the exclusive pride and haughty stiffness of the Brahmins. The common people have followed his teachings for more centuries than those of any other man.

Starting from this central idea Buddha preached the gospel of love. He taught humility, the necessity of doing good, the virtues, kindness one to another, the brotherhood of man. Brahminism, the religion he reformed, was a gospel of caste and hate, and his last doctrine brought him in direct and mortal combat with the reigning spirit of the time. Buddha was an abolitionist, when abolitionism meant something more than it ever has in our day. He attacked squarely the doctrine of caste, the root idea of the Brahman faith, teaching that in their common misery all men are equal. This necessitated a direct issue with the Brahmins themselves, the priest caste of the country, and the Scribes and Pharisees of the day; and this stand, so boldly taken and successfully maintained, is the great evidence of the wonderful strength of the man and his philosophy.

There are some features of Buddhism which peculiarly fit it for spreading, and render its study at this crisis of more than curious interest. Buddha especially disclaimed that he was a god or divine, although his followers believe that he voluntarily, for infinite ages, in inferior

stages of existence, lived and suffered for his fellow-men.

He aimed to teach by his life, inculcating a high morality and the value of good works. Control your passions, "bring rest into the senses," was the first step toward the rest of Nirvana. He taught morals rather than metaphysics, and hence, perhaps, the easy and wonderful spread of his system.

It is not, purely speaking, a distinctive religion, but rather a system of philosophy or ethics. It can be ingrafted on almost any faith of theology. Hence its resistless march. In a short time it overcame in India the ancient creed of Brahman, moulding anew and reforming it in its most essential doctrines. Pure Brahminism is now driven to South India.

Two or three centuries later, it had entered Persia and possessed it. Before the christian era it had gained a foothold in China, and the religion of Fo and Confucius received the new doctrines, merging the old faith in the better gospel of peace and love. Anno Domini 61 it was the recognized religion of the kingdom. A few centuries later it had conquered Japan, Siam, the Burman Empire, and the body of Northern and Central Asia.

To-day it confronts us. It comes plastic, flexible, and with no revolting or offensive features. It teaches a high code of morals, and aims to make of mankind better men. Each of its previous great national successes was the result of organized and faithful missions. Missionary works as we have seen by the legend above recited, is one of the first duties of the pious Buddhist, and without doubt, as soon as our vast continent and its population and resources shall be popularly known in China and Japan, our condition will awaken a wide spread missionary zeal and fervor.

We shall not probably be asked to give up our faith in its entirety, but merely to blend with it the germ principles of the Buddhist philosophy. This demand is not new, for the attempt has already been made more than once before on a smaller scale. Gnosticism grew largely on Buddha, and was, perhaps, in the main, colored by the traditions of his teachings. Manicheism, in the third century, was a direct and systematic attempt to fuse Christianity and Buddhism, combining with them, also the doctrines of Zoroaster.

With the lapse of fifteen centuries both

have changed, and to-day the experiment will have all the critical interest of a new attempt.

During the early centuries, to this daring but philosophic and fascinating heresy, which meditated the union of all human faiths, the Christian Church presented the front of more than one General Council of united Christendom. What barrier shall we raise to-day?

Perversions of Spiritualism.

But Spiritualism, with all its sublime uses, is liable to gross perversions. "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool;" and that which is an exponent of man's highest nature, and capable of yielding him the purest and deepest satisfaction, may be abused by ignorant and selfish natures, until it becomes to many the direct curse. Thus it has been with Christianity; and thus with some of the noblest institutions of civilization. To save this new system from a like ignoble destiny, those who love its truths and beauties should frankly and boldly expose all error and deformity which lurk along its borders.

In the first place, then, it is an abuse of Spiritualism to make it an avenue for the gratification of a love of the marvelous.

So strange are modern developments in the line of Spiritual science, that those educated according to the supernatural theory—taught to believe in hell and devils, and haunted with a dim and dreamy apprehension of legendary ghosts and hobgoblins—have some difficulty in gaining a rational idea of angelic intercourse, even when convinced of its reality. Hence this class are apt to become wonder-seekers, and rush abroad in quest of mediums and circles, and stare and gape at the banging of tables and the tooting of trumpets; while the quiet but most needful work of self-development, by means of self-reformation, is entirely lost sight of.

This soon degenerates into uncouth and unworthy conceptions of our beautiful Spirit Home and its inhabitants; and the names of wise and honored men, now disembodied, are used with all the vulgar familiarity of insolence and irreverence. It may be well inferred that the Spirits thus addressed are far from the scene of action, and are simply personated by certain undeveloped and mischievous indi-

viduals, who have but lately passed into the second sphere.

Such impudence and misapprehension as above described are only equaled by that of a half-spurious class of mediums, who palm off on the credulous self-made manifestations in dark circles; or worse than that, a species of Spiritual literature over celebrated signatures, that is found on examination to be the merest bombast and nonsense. This condition of things has been humorously but truly expressed in a recent poem delivered in one of our literary institutions, from which the following is a brief extract:

"Prosaic after death, our Spirits then
Invent machinery to talk with men;

And Shakespeare's Spirit visits earth, to tell
How he and Washington are very well;
And Lindlay Murray, from the body free,
Can't make his verbs and nominatives agree;
Ben Franklin raps an idiotic dream,
And Webster scrawls vile twaddle by the ream;
That splendid knave, Lord Bacon, has turned
fool,

And Penn's great soul is busy keeping school.
Well may the living poet heave a sigh,
To think his Spirit, stooping from the sky
When he is dead, can rap, at mortal call,
Bad rhymes and wretched meter on a wall!
Well may the hero shudder in despair,
Whose soul can choose to animate a chair;
And the great statesman, sinking in the tomb
To rise, and wheel a table round a room!"

God forbid! that we should refuse to accept a just criticism of this nature, even from our enemies; but it should ever be borne in mind that true Spiritualism is no more responsible for such absurdities, than are the genuine gold and silver coins from the United States mint for the counterfeits upon them. Its real teachings are elevating, harmonizing, and ennobling, and as far removed from all this vulgar trash as is the Anglo-American from the wild man of the Patagonian forest.—*Extract from Danger Signals by Mary F. Davis.*

"Transcendental Physics."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September contains a rather remarkable production under the above caption, purporting to be a review of Prof. Zöllner's recent book bearing that title. Instead of characterizing the article itself as "remarkable," it might be more correct to say it is remarkable that such a paper should find room in so reputable a journal as the *Atlantic Monthly* has hitherto been. The

writer of said article has certainly shown himself too small for a reviewer of great subjects and great scientists like Zöllner and his colleagues. Men who undertake a work like that cannot afford to be men either of small caliber or limited information. The *Atlantic Monthly* should look to this in the future.

The article in question opens well enough, and the writer does not descend to his true littleness till he gets through his introduction, which is as follows:

"The Spiritualists have taken heart to a great degree by the accession to their ranks of several men of considerable scientific repute. These men are William Crookes, F. R. S., the discoverer of the radiometer, and the author of a brilliant paper on Radiant Matter; Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, professor of physical astronomy at the University of Leipsic, one of the first scientific men to call attention to the photometry of the stars, for which he invented an ingenious photometer: William Edward Weber, professor of physics, and one of the first authorities on the subject of electricity and magnetism; Professor Scheibner, of Leipsic, a mathematician; Gustave Theodore Fechner, professor of physics at Leipsic; and Lord Lindsay, of astronomical fame. These men are certainly notable converts to Spiritualism, and one naturally examines with great interest the evidence they give for the faith that is in them. Professor Zöllner comes forward with a book which is entitled "Transcendental Physics," and presents this evidence to the world."

But at this point his heart fails him, and he begins to show what spirit he is of, by saying "It requires moral courage to take the step which these men have taken," and that "it also requires a certain moral courage to touch the subject of *Spiritualism in literature*." This enlightened age of unfettered thought and discussion will not be slow to stamp a sentiment like this as alike utterly unworthy a generous mind and a manly literature. It is pitiable to know that thousands of our fellow men are suffering from this ailment, a weak back; for what this cautious writer calls "moral courage" is only another name for "back-bone." And we offer him this one consolation in his extreme debility, that he is not alone in his sufferings. On the contrary, there is a great army of this kind of invalid troops ingloriously "bringing up the rear" of the onward moving columns of free thought and untrammelled discussion. Timid misgivings about marching into new territory is the distinguishing trait of this "rear guard," which still follows the army along, and is sure to be found always in sight of the commissary wagons.

But, to proceed. Our timorous writer goes on to say: "We fear that the conversion of these scientific men to spiritualism is calculated to do considerable harm among those who do not weigh evidence carefully, and are not in the habit of thinking for themselves." This writer betrays a strange combination of phrenological bumps. Regarded in one aspect, fear and trembling seem to be his leading developments. And yet, in the very same sentence an amount of cheek reveals itself which nothing can explain short of a "very large" bump of self-esteem, supported by a thorough training in theological dogmatism and mental stagnation. Analyze the sentence. He "*fears the conversion of these scientific men will do harm!*" Throw this sentence into logical form and see how the bigot stalks forth. Thus: It is a foregone conclusion (at least with the majority whom we are endeavoring to please) that Spiritualism is a humbug, and a thing to be deprecated by all good men; the conversion of these scientists to its bad principles is pretty sure to have its effect on the world; therefore, "we fear" harm is going to be done! Let an enlightened public judge of this style of argument for a great and leading periodical. Note again the class of people he fears will be harmed by the conclusions of these silly, hair-brained scientists! His fears are about people who "do not weigh evidence carefully, and are not in the habit of thinking for themselves." Let your fears be quelled, timorous brother, you are in no danger. The class of people you mention are exactly the class which scientists never reach—people who "do not think for themselves," but let priests and other enemies of scientific progress perform that little unimportant function for them.

But in his next step this authoritative writer reaches the climax of dignified and overpowering polemics by literally wiping from the face of the earth people who "have nothing better to do than to move chamber furniture," exhibit "puffy spirit hands," etc. This final argument, to all

men who "weigh evidence" and "think for themselves," must appear conclusive, and "we fear" that under its crushing effect these little German, English and Russian scientists will hide their diminished heads and not soon venture to express an opinion again about a matter thus effectually settled.

We must not overlook the fact that this anonymous writer, though a stranger to these scientific gentlemen, condescends to be patronizing and kind enough to explain to them the true and proper methods of conducting scientific inquiries into subjects of this kind. He says the true way is to study "psychology." What a pity these careless fellows did not think of that! He also deigns to add that in addition to these celebrated scientists, "eminent jurists have joined the ranks of Spiritualists, and have been foremost in believing what we have set forth as having no criterion of truth." This certainly ought to be enough!

The simple truth is, that Prof. Zöllner's book is an elephant on the hands of orthodox conservatism which gentlemen of that school don't know what to do with. It is a record of experiments and phenomena so extraordinary and wonderful that men like these scientists, who "weigh evidence and think for themselves," find it utterly impossible to explain on any other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism. Let any one who has doubts on the subject procure the book and read these wonderful disclosures. In future issues of the PROGRESSIVE AGE we propose, among other items of these world-awakening phenomena, to extract freely from this truly astonishing and authentic book. We do not hesitate to affirm our strong conviction that this recent scientific triumph of Spiritualism, in the learned universities of Germany, as well as among the most advanced men of science in Europe and America, will suddenly arouse the world to an interest in this subject which it has never before felt.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Information for Inquirers.

In thirty years Spiritualism has spread through all the most civilized countries on the globe, until it now has tens of thousands of adherents, and about thirty periodicals. It has also outlived the same popular abuse which at the outset opposed railways, gas, and Galileo's discovery of the rotation of the earth.

The Dialectical society, under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock, appointed a large committee, which for two years investigated the phenomena occurring in the presence of non-professional mediums, and finally reported that the facts were true, that the raps and noises governed by intelligence were real, and that solid objects sometimes moved in the presence of mediums without being touched.

Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, deviser of the radiometer, and discoverer of the new metal thallium, investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism in his own house, and reported them to be true. Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. Cromwell Varley, Prof. Zöllner, and a great number of intelligent professional men have done the same.

HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES AT HOME.

Inquirers into the phenomena of Spiritualism should begin by forming circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or stranger to the family present.

The assertions of a few newspapers, conjurers, and men of science that the alleged phenomena are jugglery are proved to be untrue by the fact that manifestations are readily obtained by private families, with no stranger present, and without deception by any member of the family. At the present time there are comparatively few professional mediums for the physical phenomena; consequently, if these were all tricksters (which they are not), they are so few in number as to be unable to bear out the imposture theory as the foundation of the great movement of modern Spiritualism. Readers should protect themselves against any imposters who may tell them that the phenomena are not real, by trying simple home experiments which cost nothing, thus show-

ing how egregiously those are duped who trust in worthless authorities.

One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household, and about one new circle in three, formed according to the following instructions, obtains the phenomena:—

1. Let arrangements be made that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit in subdued light, but sufficient to allow everything to be seen clearly, round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is of little importance. Any table will do.

3. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is weakening.

4. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature.

5. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first indications will probably be table tiltings or raps.

6. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion let one person only speak; he should talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two mean "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three raps be given in answer; then say "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

7. Possibly symptoms of other forms of mediumship, such as trance or clairvoyance, may develop; the better class of messages, as judged by their religious and philosophical merits, usually accompany such manifestations rather than the more objective phenomena. After the manifestations are obtained, the observers should not go to the other extreme and give way to an excess of credulity, but should believe no more about them or the

contents of messages than they are forced to do by undeniable proof.

8. Should no results be obtained at the first two *seances* because no medium chances to be present, try again with othersitters. A medium is usually an impulsive individual, very sensitive to mesmeric influences.

Prof. Zollner's Experiments With Dr. Slade.

We take the following extracts from a work by Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at Leipsic University' translated from the German.

The Professor being anxious to see more of the temporary disappearance of objects, a sitting was held May 5th at 11 A. M., at which the following extraordinary phenomena took place:

"Ready immediately for a trial, Slade asked Mr. Von Hoffman to give him some book, and the latter took an octavo volume from the little bookshelf against the wall.

Slade laid it upon the slate, held the slate under the edge of the table and immediately drew the slate out without the book. We searched the card-table thoroughly, inside and out; the little room was also searched, but all in vain; the book had vanished.

After about five minutes we took our places again at the table, with a view to further manifestations. Slade opposite to me, Von Hoffman between us to my left.

We had scarcely sat down when the book fell down on the table from the ceiling of the room, giving my right ear a sharp rap as it passed. The direction in which it came appeared to be an oblique one, from a point above. Slade while this happened was sitting before me with both his hands quietly on the table. In our next morning's seance, in clear sunshine, I was destined to be the witness, quite unexpectedly and without preparation, of a much more striking manifestation of this kind. I had taken my place as usual with Slade at the card-table; opposite me stood, as had often been the case in other experiments, a small round table near the card-table. The height of the round table was 77 centimeters, the diameter of the top 46 centimeters, the material is birchwood, and the weight is 4.5 kilograms. Perhaps a minute might have elapsed after Slade and I had seated ourselves and laid our joined hands on the table, when the round table began to

make slow swaying movements, which we both plainly saw by its round top, the lower part of it being hidden from us by the top of the card-table, it laid itself down under it, with its three feet turned toward me. Slade appeared equally ignorant with myself as to what we had to expect, and for about a minute nothing further took place. Slade was just about to resort to the slate in order to ask the 'spirits, what else was going to happen, when I thought I would examine more particularly the position of the table lying under the card-table. To my own and Slade's great astonishment we found the space under the card-table quite empty, and the table, which a minute before we had present to our senses, was not to be found anywhere in the room. In the expectation of its reappearance we sat down again at the card-table, Slade close by my side at the side of the table opposite to that in the neighborhood of which the round table had stood. We had been sitting perhaps five or six minutes in breathless anticipation of what might be about to happen, when suddenly Slade again affirmed that he saw lights in the air.

Although I, as usual, could see nothing of them, I yet involuntarily followed with my eyes the directions in which Slade's head kept turning, our hands still lying as before on the table, and my left leg almost constantly touching Slade's right leg in its whole extension as naturally followed from our both sitting on the same side of the table: Slade, still looking upwards in different directions with growing astonishment and expectation, asked me if I did not see the great lights. I answered decidedly in the negative; but raising my head in the direction of Slade's looks toward the ceiling of the room, behind my back, I suddenly saw at a height of about five feet, floating down on to the surface of the card-table the hitherto missing table, with its legs turned upwards. Although we involuntarily, to avoid being hurt by the falling table, moved our heads to one side, Slade to the left and I to the right, we were yet both so smartly hit on the side of the head before the round table settled on the card-table that I felt the pain fully four hours after it occurred.

"On May 3d, 1878, during a seance in which Herr O. Von Hoffman took part besides myself, among other objects there lay two snail shells on the table." (The Professor had bought the snail

shells at the Leipsic fair in the morning, and they had never been touched by Slade.) "The smaller snail shell belonged to a species common with us; the larger, according to the account of the dealer, to a species found on the coast of the Mediterranean, the name of which he wrote for me as *Capo Turbus* (probably the Latin may be *Caput Turbo*). The nearly circular opening of this shell was about 43 millimeters, while that of the smaller shell was only 32 m.m. at its greatest diameter. I had, without any special object, placed the larger one over the smaller, so that the smaller was completely hidden by it. As Slade now held a slate in the usual way under the edge of the table, to receive writing upon it, suddenly a sound was heard as though a hard body had fallen upon it. On the slate being immediately drawn out to look at, the smaller shell, which I had one minute before covered as described with the larger, lay upon it. As both shells had lain on the table untouched, almost in the exact middle of the table, and constantly under my observation, the phenomenon of the passage of matter through matter received a startling and quite unexpected physical confirmation.

While reserving for my third volume the description of many other phenomena of this nature, I must yet mention here a very remarkable circumstance. Immediately upon Slade's drawing out the slate with the shell upon it I seized it to see if any change had taken place in it.

I almost let it fall again—so hot had it become. I immediately handed it to my friend, who confirmed the fact of the heightened temperature; this phenomenon, taken in connection with a circumstance connected with a succeeding experiment, is, I think, of scientific weight."

Healing by Laying on of Hands in the Nineteenth Century.

[From the Rhode Island Country Journal, Aug. 5th]

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."—*John*, xiv.: 12.

Some ten months ago I began to feel a marked soreness in the interior of my left heel, which increased until I could not bear my weight on it without perceptibly limping. Some months subsequent to this attack my right ankle and parts immediately above were also affected with

what appeared to be rheumatic pains, which also grew worse from week to week, so that I could not avoid to some extent limping on both feet, or hobbling as I walked. I became somewhat alarmed at the symptoms, fearing that I might eventually be obliged to forego walking abroad altogether, or to have to use canes or crutches.

On the 15th of last month (November) I had occasion to go to Boston on business, which I expected to be able to accomplish in a few days, and then return. A most unaccountable and wholly unexpected concatenation of circumstances occurred that caused my detention in the city for more than two weeks. A short time after my arrival I called on Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd, 97 Tremont street, a healing medium (so called), hoping that she might, through manipulation with her hands, relieve in some degree the ailments in my heel and ankle.

Mrs. Dodd operated on both some two hours, and considerably relieved the difficulty in my right ankle, though I could not perceive any material change for the better in my heel. Being unavoidably detained in the city, I availed myself of the opportunity and called on Mrs. Dodd some six or eight times. After three or four treatments the lameness in my right ankle was almost entirely cured, whilst my heel was much better. I now come to speak of the most curious phase of the treatment. I had observed that the medium generally manipulated my ailing heel until it perspired, and that she then commenced picking with her forefinger and thumb, as if she was taking away some minute particles and casting them aside. Hitherto Mrs. Dodd had made no remarks on this point, but now, upon my questioning her, she told me that she was taking away little *corn seeds* that were imbedded deep in my heel, and were brought to the surface through the action of the magnetic aura that passed through her arms, which I had noticed on several occasions were strangely and evidently painfully convulsed. On my asking her to let me see one of the little particles, she said they were mostly imperceptible to the sight, but she thought I might be able to feel one of them. Accordingly she put one of them on the fleshy part of the inside of my hand, holding it down with her finger's end until I could place mine upon it, when, sure enough, I could sensibly

roll to and fro the little hard substance that I could not see.

Finally Mrs. Dodd secured me one of the seed corns large enough to be visible to my sight, which, with two of the smaller ones, she laid carefully in a piece of white paper and folded it up. On my coming home I took this paper from my pocket-book and inspected the three little seed corns with a microscope. They looked like little pieces of white horn. At the last sitting for treatment the medium removed over fifty of these corn seeds from my heel, her arms convulsively shaking and quivering violently whilst she was drawing them out or removing them. There remains still a very slight soreness in the interior of my heel, but not enough to annoy me in any way. Doubtless should an opportunity occur, one or two more treatments by Mrs. Dodd would relieve it entirely.

But few of the readers of the *Journal* can have any conception of the number of cures of all kinds of complaints that are being effected at this time by what are called "healing mediums," each one of which has something different from all others in modes of treatment. I have not the shadow of a doubt that in the aggregate the thousands of healing mediums now in the Northern and Western States cure far more cases of sickness and infirmity than all the physicians of the regular schools combined, while not an instance can be found, I feel sure, where any harm has ever been done by the process now so generally practiced in some form of *manipulation* or "the laying on of hands."

Of these facts the doctors of the regular diplomatic schools of medicine have evidently become fully aware by the lessening of their practice, and for some five or six years for that reason they have been besieging almost every State Legislature in the Union to have laws passed making the painless and economical method of healing prescribed by Jesus and practiced by Him and His apostles, a penal offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment. It is a lamentable fact, too, that in many instances they have succeeded, notably in the State of New York, where, after several statutes had been enacted, aimed at healing mediums, an amendment was sprung upon the Legislature, and adopted last winter, to what is properly known as the "doctors' law," making "manipulation," or "the laying on of hands," a

crime against humanity, punishable, for the first offense, with a fine of fifty dollars and six months' imprisonment. This law went into effect the first of last October.

Mrs. Dodd's charge for perfecting the cure in my case (which I doubt if any regular-bred doctor could have performed at all) was about ten dollars. Had the work been done in New York, I could have, had I been so minded, informed against my benefactress, so soon as I could walk without pain or flinching, and had her mulcted in a fine of fifty dollars for curing me, half of which amount, or a profit of fifteen dollars over the fees I had paid her, would have come to me as informer, and she might have been sent to lie in the Tombs or some other prison for six winter months besides. Nay, had she, prompted by conscientious motives (as she probably would be), after being released from prison, again attempted to cure some poor, distressed creature of an infirmity by the laying on of hands, it would have been attended with the danger of being again fined a heavier amount than before, and a longer imprisonment. Is it to be wondered at, then, that, as I hear, the healing mediums of New York are already availing themselves of the advice of their great proto-type, that "when they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another," and are leaving the State of New York as well as California?

Nay, I have been reliably informed that before the last stringent amendment had been added to the "Doctor's Law" in New York, informers were placed upon the track of a most worthy and successful healing medium, who was totally blind, in Oswego, by her persecutors, from whose clutches she three times made her escape across the lake to Canada, being warned by an angel, but who was forced at last, in order to escape from her persecutors, to flee her adopted city and State, with a loss of property in consequence, of four thousand dollars.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

P. S.—Within a week after I wrote the article for the *Journal*, both my heel and ankle were made entirely well by Mrs. Dodd's treatment, and have so remained ever since, both being now as sound and well as they were in boyhood.

T. R. H.

Communication from Dr. Watson's Home Circle, Memphis, Tenn.

Bro. Watson :

We are constrained to meet with you a few moments (as you reckon time), to spend the time in such a manner as will be beneficial to you and to us. I say we. I use the plural, for I speak of us as a number of more than one, though at times there is only one who communicates.

We are constantly employed—there is no inactivity in the world of delight where we are messengers, to not only earth, but to those who have become inhabitants of the country beyond the "beautiful river." Yes, we have crossed, and many more are crossing now. The tide has borne many over to the shore, and we have sung as we landed, "Safe at home." Many were the times we sang the beautiful sentiments while traveling through the wearisome paths of life, which gave us in anticipation of what awaited us, a foretaste of what we now enjoy.

Oh, my dear brother, if I could only picture to you some of the scenes of my new life, the realities of a life which I sought and toiled to obtain, you would become too impatient to join me. I cannot do this. A christian man or woman, through a life of toils and sorrows, pressed with grief, burdened with a heavy heart and blinded with tears of disappointment, can, if they trust in a Saviour and look to Him and angel friends to help them—trusting and confiding in the promises of God, enjoy a glimpse of the happiness of the world to which they are approaching.

We labor for the good of those who need it; some more than others, and such demand our time. We teach the ignorant, preach and pray—indeed no good work is neglected. We administer to those who need comfort and peace for their conscience. We visit abodes of misery and try to elevate the outcasts, those who entered this world as they had lived. We often visit the earth, just as we come to you to-night. We come to derive fresh courage and strength, and to be strengthened by your influence. There are many things you would enjoy me telling you, but the information can only be given by contact. "Ear hath not heard it, eye hath not seen the glory which is revealed to a follower of Christ." Be not discouraged, work on in the "Vineyard," and the laborer will be ulti-

mately called forth to be rewarded according to the improvement of his talent. You will be rewarded accordingly. See the importance of labor. I tell you my brother you must work more, talk less, to effect good. I shall visit you again soon. I love you and family and want you to be true to your duties. **MOSS SLATER.**

Song of the Engine.

With a clang!

With a clank and a clang!

With a clamor, and a clank and a clang!

With clatter and clamor, a clank and a clang!

With veins full of fire and the artery steam

Roused to the pulse of a feverish dream;

With a gray plume trailing, fleecy and pale,

Like mist-bouts, sailing to sea with the gale;

With the ring and the rattle of lever and wheel,

And the blow and the battle of track and of steel:

With a tremendous spring, like the launch of a wing

From the condor's cliff, where the wild vines cling,

An eagle of iron, with sinews of steel,

And blow of a pinion like avalanche peal;

With talons of flame and a blaze in the blood,

I tunnel the mountain and compass the flood;

I startle the morning and shiver the noon,

And splinter the cold, pale rays of the moon;

From pine and from granite to orange and palm.

From storms of sleet fury to zephyrs of balm;

From Alleghan summit to Michigan wave,

From the life of the east to the pioneer's grave,

Dragging a train,

As a flying prisoner drags his chain;

Climbing the grade,

Panting and sullen, but undismayed.

Then away to the prairie, with antelope speed,

Belting the forest and skimming the mead,

Awaking the bear from his underground lair.

And startling the deer to a leap in the air;

Breaking the Indian's solitude rest,

Pushing the buffalo far to the West;

Skirting the current with spur and with thong,

Where the drain of the continent thunders along.

Mixing and mingling the races of men,

Bearing the Now in advance of the Then!

Then ceasing the rattle of lever and wheel,

And parting the battle of track and of steel

And ending, at last, the roll and the race,

And checking the flight into gradual pace—

With clatter and clamor, a clank and a clang!

With a clamor, and a clank and a clang!

With a clank and a clang!

With a clang.

Miscellany.

Chinese Poetry.

A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* translates the following poem from the Chinese language: It is called the "Tiny Rill:"

Over green hills and meadows a tiny rill ran
(The little precious coquette);

She is pretty, she knew, and thus early began
Gaily flirting with all that she met.

Her favors on both sides she'd gracefully shower,
Regardless of whom they might be;
One moment she'd kiss the sweet lips of a flower,
The next—lave the root of a tree.

She would leap from one rock to another in play,
Tumble down on her pebbly bed;
Like a naiad, let the sun-smitten spray
Fall in prismatic gems round her head.

Sometimes she would lash herself into a rage,
And rush roaring and seething along;
Till a bit of smooth ground would her anger
assuage,

When she'd liquidly murmur a song.

Let us not think so slightly of Chinese sentiment after this.

An Era of Enervation.

The apparent decadence of the chivalric spirit in modern times deserves the notice of those who now study by personal observation the evolution of religious phenomena, actions of self-sacrifice for the sake of principle being comparatively so rare. Legends tell us how, in the days of old, men went forth to battle and to die for the sake of that which they believed to be true, and how, rather than sacrifice their principles, they preferred to sleep beneath their altar tombs, presenting not only marble but moral monuments for the elevation of the religious sentiment of posterity. As the reign of physical force wanes, as the semi-savage era of the cutting of throats dies out, and that of the reign of intellect gains ground, the same chivalric spirit may be sought, but can it be found? Where are the people who say—"This thing is true, and though father, mother, friend or fortune fail me, I will testify to the same. Though the heavens should fall, I will not temporise with a lie, whether there be final compensation for good or evil or no?"

The truth cannot be too often or too strongly promulgated from the spiritual press and the spiritual platform, that no man is worth much morally or religiously, who is not willing to uphold, to the extent of self-sacrifice, the religious truths he holds most dear, and, if need be, to suffer for them to the death. Too many people live milk-and-water lives nowadays, caring more than anything else for the safety of their miserable carcasses, which encase spirits destitute of nearly everything in the shape of chivalry or nobility.—*Ex.*

The Divinity of Christ.

Rev. H. W. Beecher said upon this subject in a recent discourse: "He (Christ) was not divine even to his own disciples until quite a late period of their experience in discipleship. As to the rest of the community they had no definite conception concerning him. He stood to them simply as the centre of working-men—as a great physician with power of healing; as a great magician with power of doing marvels; as a man who might deliver his country if he only had courage enough. To his enemies he stood as a disturber; as one who had a perilous influence over the common people; as a waster and destroyer of public institutions. Among his educated countrymen, in the midst of the common people, always and everywhere, he assumed that he was divine in the same sense in which we in our day aver that he was divine; and when they charged him with imposition he steadily replied to them: 'If you will not believe my words, at least believe my works.' There was evidence before them in his works. It was not the highest, nor the best, by any means, but it was better than no evidence, and he wanted them to cling to it till it was superseded; and he says to them, 'The words which I speak, the life that I live, and what I am would require no proof whatever if you had any moral sensibility by which to appreciate these things.'"

The Esquimaux have a beautiful custom. When a little child dies they lay a dog's head in the same grave, under the impression that when a child wakes up it can't find its own way to the habitations of the just, and that the instincts of the dog will lead it thither.

Extract from Victor Hugo.

You, Catholics, claim the liberty to instruct. For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations—Italy and Spain, illustrious among the illustrious; and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which no one can think nor even pronounce her name without inexpressible filial grief—Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art—Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself! Yes, Italy has, of all the States of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read! Spain, magnificently endowed Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabians her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain has lost, thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation, Spain has lost the secret of her power which she received from the Romans—that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs—that world which God gave her. And in exchange for all that you have made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition*! The Inquisition, which has burned upon the funeral pyre five millions of men! *Read History*! The Inquisition, which exhumed the dead in order to burn them as heretics. The Inquisition, which declares children heretics even to the second generation. See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy! You have extinguished it. That colossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other is in ashes. See what you have done for these two great nations!

On a farm man goes in partnership with Nature. He lives with flowers and trees; there is no frightful strain upon his mind; the nights are filled with sleep and rest; he watches his flocks and herds on the green slopes; he hears the pleasant rain falling upon his corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above, while he plants others for the children yet to be.—*Ingersoll.*

The Telegraph of To-Day.

It has been said that the amount of sulphuric acid used in any given locality is the measure of the intelligence of the people who live there. This greasy-looking fluid is the universal solvent in which thoughts must be dissolved before they can put on wings. In order to send the thoughts of men over the land and under the sea, they must put on the new life of electricity, born of metals burning in the fiery embrace of this acid. The more the people give their ideas electric wings, the more sulphuric acid must be used, and thus it is the consumption of the acid is a fair indication of the intelligence of the people. The more telegraphs, the more easy for mind to speak to mind without heed to time or space; and the more free the interchange of ideas, the wider the knowledge, the more universal the intelligence.

Sound Views.

A Texas gentleman, in a letter from which we have been allowed to make the following extract, says:

Since the horizon of my mind has been extended by the Spiritual Philosophy, I find I have to read all books over again, so much is seen and comprehended that was not seen and comprehended before. Does this occur with you too? It seems to me we must have a re-reading of all our literature, from the Mosaic record to J. S. C. Abbott, there is so much that has been tabooed by students, as wild imagination, which will prove true. A generation or two may have to elapse before this can be done, but it will come.

The majority of what we call Spiritualists are only half converts. Their belief in the old is only somewhat shaken; and the latent force of life-long teachings and habits still operates strongly. Even you and I feel it in ourselves.

The old Cunarder *Persia*, in its day the finest vessel afloat, took six tons of coal to carry a ton of freight across the Atlantic; the *Arizona*, a new steamer, about double the size of the *Persia*, takes a fifth of a ton—such has been the improvements in machinery, etc., of the steam marine of the world.

GAIL HAMILTON.

ON "THE DISTORTED WAY OF MAKING CON-
VERTS TO CHRISTIANITY."

Much debate is characterized as useless on questionable ground. What is a mere truism to the comprehension of the critic may be matter of doubt to the inferior intellect of the congressman, and even of his constituent. It is not enough for the "hard-money" man to know that a specie basis is best; he must get the "paper-money" man to believe it also. It is not enough for the granger to know that the cost of transportation is too high; he must put the railroad man under conviction of sin. Whatever is of broad and vital interest is not likely to be passed in the House without prolonged and even heated debate, no matter how closely it may have been discussed in committee.

Religious papers may well quarrel with Congress here. They "know a trick worth two" of these national debates. A minister preaches a sermon through, and lets no dog bark. We may think he has left out a fact or two in his argument on the atonement; that there is a flaw in his reasoning on original sin; a cloud in his definition of the doctrine of substitution; but the good minister has put us under such training that we dare not open our lips, and he has it all his own way. How long would a sermon last if, every time the Congregational Evangelical preacher struck a snag, brother Charles K. Whipple and brother Vorsey and brother Bishop Potter and brother Fulton and brother Abbot and brother Patton should rise and say, "Will the gentleman allow me to ask a single question?" "Will the gentleman permit me to interrupt him a moment?" "Will the gentleman grant me a few minutes of his time to correct a statement of fact?" "Will the gentleman kindly repeat his last assertion?"—if, in short, he were surrounded by eager antagonists, ready to claw and clutch at every lapse from logic, and every weak statement or forced inference? Let me not be arraigned for a mover of sedition; but I sometimes think when I hear, as I sometimes do hear, a good man plodding serenely on in the pulpit, assuming his premises, begging his questions, confounding his terms, mistaking assertions for conclusions, and upsetting his dish generally, that it might not be wholly insalubrious

to have a "little debate" introduced into the churches. When I read in the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian church, that "elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ, . . . others, not elected, . . . never truly come to Christ, and therefore can not be saved," I think I should like to see that poor little non-elect infant run the guantlet of the debate in the House of Representatives. —"*Sermons to the Clergy*," p. 284.

True Spiritualism.

I claim that true Spiritualism, which is at the same time a philosophy and a religion, is so much in advance of othersystems of religion, that it dispenses with a devil in the universe; and likewise with the legions of devils with which the theology of the ages has peopled earth, and air, and every region where there was man to harass and torment. The very principles upon which this system is based, are utterly at variance with the doctrine of the supremacy of evil in any sphere of life; or that it is propagated from higher to lower spheres. One of its foundation stones is the principle, that good is predominant throughout universal nature; expressed through progressive action, which conducts matter and mind on from stage to stage, from sphere to sphere, each successive one higher than the last; the higher being the instruments of assisting the progress of the lower. The God it acknowledges is supremely wise, just, powerful and beneficent; possessing the attribute of intelligence in infinite perfection to control His other attributes. His omniscience and omnipresence cause His omnipotence to subserve every purpose of nature, to the end of eliciting good—of furthering progress of matter and mind from the chaotic, the undeveloped state. It recognises man as the arm of the Omnipotent to aid the progress of all nature—himself and his dependent brother included. In thus investing man with powers akin to those of the Infinite Mind, it makes him, in the various spheres of life, the legislator for those spheres. It places him in God's stead, according to the wisdom and power he has developed.—*Mrs. Maria M. King.*

—Hide not the truth when ye know it;
and clothe not the truth with falsehood.

—*Mohammed.*

How Dogma is to Disappear Before Truth.

The *English Contemporary Review*, John Morley, the editor—than whom there is not a more clear, searching or impressive writer among the liberal thinkers of the day—throws down the gauntlet to the clergy in a dashing, daring manner. This is his stirring language, which will compel public attention:

"The growth of bright ideals, and a nobler purpose will go on, leaving ever and ever further behind them your dwarfed finality and leaden, moveless stereotype. We shall pass you on your flank, your fiercest darts will spend themselves upon air. We will not attack you as Voltaire did: we will not exterminate you: *we will explain you.* History will place each dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as the naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction it will sink to a curiosity. From being a guide to a million of human lives, it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As history explains your dogma, so science will dry it up. The conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible. The mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of their nourishment, and men will leave your system, not because they have confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them."

[We have never seen a more compact yet comprehensive, nor a more felicitous statement of the case.—Ed.]

"Theodore Parker" On Spiritualism.

"... This party (Spiritualism) has an idea wider and deeper than that of the Catholic or Protestant, namely, that God still inspires men as much as ever; that He is as immortal in spirit as in space.

"For the present purpose the doctrine may be called Spiritualism. That relies on no church or scripture, as the last ground and infallible rule. It counts these things teachers, if they teach,—not masters; helps, if they help us,—not authorities. It relies on the divine presence in the soul of man, the eternal word of God, which is truth as it speaks through the faculties he has given. It believes God is as near the soul as matter is to the sense, thinks the canon of revelation not yet closed, nor God exhausted. It sees

Him in Nature's perfect work; hears Him in all true scriptures, Jewish or Phœnician; feels him in the inspiration of the heart; stoops at the same fountain with Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water. It calls God Father, not King; Christ brother, not Redeemer; heaven home, and religion nature. It loves and trusts, but does not fear. It sees in Jesus a man, living, manlike, highly gifted, and with beautiful and blameless fidelity to God. . . . But he lived for himself, died for himself, worked out his own salvation, and we must do the same; for one man can not live for another, any more than he can eat and sleep for another. It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, reverences exclusively no time nor place, and therefore can use all time and every place. Its temple is all space, its shrine the good heart, its creed all truth, its ritual works of love and utility, its profession of faith a divine life. It takes all the help it can get; counts no good word profane, though a heathen spoke it; no lie sacred, though the greatest prophet spoke the word. Its redeemer is within, its salvation within, its heaven and its oracles of God. It falls back on perfect religion—asks no more, is satisfied with no less."

NO LITERAL RESURRECTION.—There is absolutely no authority whatever in Scripture for the doctrine of a literal resurrection of the buried flesh and bones. It is unphilosophical, unscientific, irrational, unscriptural. It has nothing to commend it except those who delight to approve their faith by believing the impossible. It sprang historically from a low materialistic conception of the spiritual world. It belongs to an intellectual condition that buries the tomahawk and the bow and arrows with the chief, that he may have them to use in the spirit land. It belongs to a materialistic philosophy that identifies the soul with the body, and denies the existence of the one except in the brain of the other. It is directly repudiated by Paul, by John, and by Christ. Animal nature is inherent in the body. In the spirit world there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Weakness, weariness, decay are essential characteristics of matter. In the spirit world there is no night, no weariness; and no death, for no disintegration and decay. The body is flesh and blood. In the spirit world is neither; for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.—*Christian Union.*

Reichter's Philosophy.

Reichter's Philosophy, a matter of no ordinary interest both as it agrees with the common philosophy of Germany and disagrees with it, must not be touched on for the present. One observation we will make: it is not mechanical or skeptical; it springs not from the forum or the laboratory, but from the depths of the human spirit; and yields as its fairest product a noble system of Morality, and the firmest conviction of religion. In this latter point we reckon him peculiarly worthy of study. To a careless reader he might seem the wildest of infidels; for nothing can exceed the freedom with which he bandies to and fro the dogmas of religion, nay, sometimes, the highest objects of Christian reverence. There are passages of this sort, which will occur to every reader of Reichter; but which, not to fall into the error we have already blamed in Madame de Staël, we shall refrain from quoting. More light is in the following: "Or," inquires he in his usual abrupt way, "are all your Mosques, Episcopal churches, Pagodas, Chapels of Ease, Tabernacles, and Pantheons, anything else but the Ethic Forecourt of the Invisible Temple and its Holy of Holies?" Yet, independently of all dogmas, nay perhaps in spite of many, Reichter is, in the highest sense of the word, religious. A reverence, not a self-interested fear, but a nobler reverence for the spirit of all goodness, forms the crown and glory of his culture. The fiery elements of his nature have been purified under holy influences, and chastened by a principle of mercy and humility into peace and well doing. An intense and continual faith in man's immortality and native grandeur accompanies him: from amid the vortices of life he looks up to a heavenly loadstar; the solution of what is visible and transient, he finds what is invisible and eternal. He has doubted, he denies, yet he believes. "When, in your last hour," says he, "when in your last hour (think of this) all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away and die into inanity—imagination, thought effort, enjoyment—then at last will the night flower of Belief alone continue blooming, and refresh with its perfumes in the last darkness.

To reconcile these seeming contradictions, to explain the grounds, the manner, the congruity of Reichter's belief, cannot

be attempted here. We recommend him to the study, the tolerance, and even the praise of all men who have inquired into this highest of questions with a right spirit; inquired with the martyr fearlessness, but also with the martyr reverence, of men that love Truth, and will not accept a lie. A frank, fearless, honest, yet truly spiritual faith is of all things the rarest of our time.—*Thos. Carlyle.*

EDUCATION.—*Le Messenger* say: "In Switzerland, where instruction is obligatory, only four out of one hundred cannot read; in Holland, three out of one hundred; in Norway, four or five out of one hundred. In Denmark every child goes to school till fourteen years of age. In Sweden, where instruction is also obligatory, there is not one that can not read. In Germany the same system prevails with children from six to fourteen or fifteen, a measure soon accepted among the customs of the people; while among the soldiers only five out of every one hundred cannot read. In France, of one hundred recruits twenty-three could neither read nor write. Of one hundred marriages thirty-four couples could not sign their names; instruction not obligatory. Belgium ditto, and of the recruits of 1862, thirty could not read or write. In England half of the inhabitants can not read; instruction not obligatory. In Austria there is the same condition of things. In Italy (still more Roman Catholic) of one hundred inhabitants seventy-one know not how to read. In Spain (still more Catholic, and still worse) of one hundred seventy-five can neither read nor write. Portugal the same as Spain. In the Argentine Republic a truly sad state of ignorance exists, and shows what should be done for the enlightenment and freedom of the people." *The Revelacion* of Buenos Ayres, first, and *The Revelacion* of Alicante subsequently, have published these startling facts.

The divorce between Church and State ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any State or the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a church tax upon the whole community.—*James A. Garfield, in a speech in Congress, June 22d, 1874.*

CHURCH AND STATE.

GOVERNOR ROBERTS, OF TEXAS, EXPLAINS HIS POSITION.

Gov. O. M. Roberts, of Texas, in conversation with a representative of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, recently gave his reasons in detail for not joining with Gov. Foster in the Thanksgiving proclamation for the President's recovery. He said:

"This union of Church and State is all wrong. It has taken a large and more arduous battle to divide the Church from the State than it did to achieve our national independence. You know how it was in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Men of one faith fought for the right to uphold it against another. When they couldn't achieve it in the old country they came to the new. You had the Congregationalists in Massachusetts, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Lutherans in New York, the Baptists in Maryland, the Huguenots in the Carolinas. Each class had its faith, and that faith swayed the State, especially, as the books inform us, in New England. Only church members voted, and in all essential matters the conventual was supreme. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century came along the free-thinking English artisan and Scotch Presbyterian, who fled from the defeat of Culloden and Preston Pans. These were a thrifty, cultivated, logical class, and they gradually disseminated the leaven whose creation is the present outward separation of Church and State. I say outward, because, as you well know, it is only in name. The religious principle of New England and Ohio makes their politics. We have seen plenty of that in the war, and it is this unconscious, subtle union of the Church and State in the public mind that shows to the front in days of thanksgiving and fasts of solemn prayer. I don't object, but I do not see the necessity for the Governor of a State directing its religious concerns, hence I thought it was about time to inaugurate the contrary policy."

Every day of the week is the Sabbath of some nation. Sunday is observed by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

The Vaccination Scourge.

The Anti-Vaccination movement is very active in England. At a meeting on Clerkenwell Green, speeches on the Vaccination question were delivered.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. W. Young, who showed that all medical pet theories, such as bleeding, &c., have, from time to time, owing to their untenableness, been abandoned, with the exception of vaccination, which the faculty cling to with death-like tenacity. He showed how, with compulsion, the number of deaths from small-pox had increased, as is exemplified by the epidemics of

1857—58—59	with	14,244	deaths.
1863—64—65	"	20,049	"
1870—71—72	"	44,840	"

Mr. Bone followed, and referred to the fact that in the years 1867-8, two regiments, the 1st and 2d Voltigeurs Guard, were quartered in adjacent barracks in the same court in Paris. On the one a very zealous aide-major performed re-vaccination, so that by the end of 1867 he had completed 487 vaccinations in that regiment. He was obliged to proceed with caution, so as to prevent too many of the men from being off duty at the same time. He had got thus far, when in 1868 a most virulent epidemic of confluent small-pox broke out, arrested his progress, and decimated the regiment. As it was the unvaccinated regiment which escaped and the newly vaccinated one that suffered, what possible conclusion can be drawn than that, if vaccination, like inoculation of old, did not promote or cause the epidemic of small-pox, it certainly did not prevent it! Dr. Ducharme, who reports the case to the Academy of Medicine of Paris, himself suggests the theory that his zealous re-vaccination in a "crowded population," had actually caused the outbreak; for he holds, with Depaul, that the vaccine virus is pathologically identical with the virus of the small-pox, notwithstanding that it may have undergone some modification in passing through the cow.

The Supreme Court of Maryland has decided, in the case of a witness, that belief in a personal God is unnecessary, and that the witness, by acknowledging merely the existence of a Supreme Being or power, established his competency to testify.

The Infidel Lecture.

The children of poverty! My heart bleeds when I think of them; the children simply covered by a rag; the children of famine and starvation, the children of drunkenness and the children of crime floated and jostled upon the wild, rude sea of life; the children in alleys, the children that crouch in corners when they hear the unsteady step of a drunken brute of a father; the children, little babies with drinking mothers; the children, too, of the rich, that have no liberty, these little ones are trampled upon, they are frightened. I pity them from the bottom of my heart. What right have you to tyrannize over a child? I have very little respect for a man who cannot govern a child without brute force. Think of whipping children! Why, they say that children tell lies. Yes, cowardice is the mother of lies—tyranny is the father of lies. Suppose a man who is as much larger than you as you are than a five year old child, should come at you with a pole in his hand: "Who broke that plate?" You would tremble: your knees would knock together, and you would swear that you had never seen the plate, or that it was cracked when you got it. Think of a member of the Board of Exchange whipping one of his children for prevaricating. Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood because he evades the truth. Think of a dealer in stocks punishing his child for setting afloat false reports. What an inconsistency. Think of it. If you should hereafter whip your child, I wish you could have a photograph taken when doing so, with brows corrugated with anger, your cheeks red with wrath, and the little child shrinking, trembling, crouching, begging! If this child should happen to die, wouldn't it be sweet in the autumn, when the maple leaves are turning to gold, and when the scarlet vines run like the sad regret into the ground,—wouldn't it be delightful to go and sit on the mound that covered the flesh you had beaten, and look at the picture of yourself in the act of whipping that child.

Now think of it, think of it; and if all I say to-night will save one blow from the tender flesh of infancy, I am more than paid.

I have known men to drive their children out of doors, and then get down on

their knees and ask God to watch over them. I will never ask God to do a favor for a child of mine when I can do it, never. Another thing: There is nothing like being honest with these children. Do not pretend to perfection; you are not; and if one happens to tell a story, do not let on as if the world was going to burst. Tell them honestly you have told thousands of them.—*Ingersoll*.

They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but, so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation-stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong—it is cruel. Those men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty, and the sunshine of thought.

A CLOSE CONDENSATION.—Prof. Huxley does not disguise his sentiments. He says:

"It is the current belief that Adam was made out of the earth somewhere in Asia, about six thousand years ago; that Eve was modeled from one of his ribs; and that the progeny of these two, having been reduced to eight persons, were landed on the summit of Mount Ararat, after a universal deluge; all the nations of the earth have proceeded from these last, have migrated to their present localities, and have become Negroes, Australians, Mongolians, etc., within that time. Five-sixths of the public are taught the Adamic doctrine as if it was an established truth, and believe it. I do not; and I am not acquainted with any man of science or duly instructed person who does."

Another Soul Emancipated.

Passed to the land of the blessed, at Brooklyn Conn., the spirit of William Foster, father of the writer, after a sojourn of nearly eighty-seven years in the sphere of the mortal. For nearly sixteen years there was a struggle of the vital powers to resist the insidious and persistent attacks of disease, subjecting him at times to excruciating pain and distress; but the flesh became too weak to longer resist, and at the hour of 8 p. m., in a calm and peaceful slumber to which he laid down at 5, the inevitable rending of the tie binding flesh and spirit came. We laid the worn-out body away Thursday afternoon under the beautiful sky of autumn, with shrub, tree, and plant garlanded in the glow of beauty in unison with the event, conscious that he had attained the resurrection and gone to the sunny clime of the Summer-land, to be forever free from pain, sickness, and the cares of mortal existence.

It was not without tears that I looked for the last time on his features, placid and natural, though inanimate, for the ties of affection become so entwined around the outer form we have so long associated with, that the personality centres there. But, at the same time, there came the sweet consolation that the dear one was not before me, only the casket within which he had tenanted for a season, now exchanged for that better and more perfect one fitted for the new life opened to the emancipated spirit. As we laid the form by the side of my mother's for which we performed the same office, thirty-three years before, far different were my feelings than when we stood by her open grave under the leaden skies of a chilly December day. Then no rainbow spanned, to me, that awful chasm soon to receive my mother; no hope irradiated the gloom which like a pall enveloped me and nature, for over the future there was an impenetrable cloud of doubt and uncertainty. Now, all is clear, I know that she still lives and ministers to me with the love of the long ago; and I know that he lives and will come to cast o'er my path the balm of his spirit presence throughout the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage. And I am assured that when I shall have ended my mortal career, and be called to pass the river, as I reach the further shore, both will meet

and greet me and be ready to conduct me to a home more beautiful than a child of earth can conceive or describe. I am fully satisfied he met me in spirit as I entered the village, took a seat with me in the carriage, and rode to his late home where the useless body was awaiting the rites of sepulture. I recognized as present the spirit of Violet, an old colored woman, who in my boyhood days was a frequent visitor of the family; she who communicated at the Banner Circle, about a year ago. It was cheering to me to know that though she had long ago passed on, she still treasured the memories of earth-life, and came, full of sympathy in the affliction we were passing through, and at the same time redolent of joy that the goal at last had been reached after a weary pilgrimage by him, who, in her earth life, with her infirmities, had ever had a welcome for her at his fireside. Thus it is that the kindnesses, amenities and charities of the earth-life are earned to the hereafter, and become a link to unite the two worlds.

How full of consolation is the knowledge of spirit life: how joyous the certainty that near, dear and loved ones are not dead when they have laid aside the mortal, but are ever attending our footsteps, ministering spirits indeed, awaiting our transition, to assist in the new birth of the spirit, when our eyes shall close on earth, and a new life begin. "Oh death, where is thy sting? oh grave, where is thy victory?" WILLIAM FOSTER, JR

The great thinker is the secretary of his age. If his quick glancing mind outruns the swiftest of his contemporaries, he will not be listened to; the prophet must find disciples. If he outrun the majority of his contemporaries, he will have but a small circle of influence, for all originality is estrangement.—G. H. Lewes.

Harvard College has so far yielded to the spirit of civilization as to have discontinued its custom of forced attendance at prayers. Even some of the pharisees are beginning to believe.

The anti-vaccination movement seems starting up on this side of the ocean now. One after another the world's foolish and barbarous customs are being abolished by the progress of reason and common sense.

Spiders.

They are wonderful in structure as they are curious in their habits and general economy. Most of them have six eyes on each side of the head, in two rows at the point of small nipple-like papilæ. One set are telescopic, while the other six are microscopic. Next, spiders are right-handed, working more adroitly with the right claw than the left, in extending the cords of a web.

The orifices through which the sily fluid is forced out at will, that instantly hardens into an elastic thread, vary in number in different families of spiders. In some of them quite a number of threads unite in the spinning process to make a strong line. Those minute openings are termini of ducts from the bags in which web material is secreted, controlled by sphincter muscles acting in obedience to the will.

All their movements in weaving and arranging a fly-trap indicate calculation, and are therefore a step quite beyond blind instinct. An examination of a broken cord, mending it and seeking the best point for an attachment to keep the web tense in all directions, certainly exhibits thought. Their manner of approaching entangled game, securing each limb of the prisoner artistically, binding them so no resistance can be offered that would be injurious to themselves before savagely eating into their vitals, is a marvelous proof of the elements of mind, far superior to most of the quadrupeds, and yet spiders are without a brain!

Nothing is more surprising in the natural history of this very common, but poorly understood insect, than the ferocity of the female toward the male, which she pounces upon when the fertilization of the eggs has been secured, and rarely fails of killing him instantly, and then feasts deliberately on the mangled carcass.

Without spiders, which subserve the same important purpose on land that sharks do in the ocean, vegetation could hardly survive the unrestrained depredations of millions of vegetable eating insects. By the silent warfare of spiders upon them their too great multiplication is regulated so that a balance of power is maintained in Nature, essential to the preservation of order without the extinction of any.

Spiders, therefore, humble as they are

in the scale of being, are just as important to the comfort of man as many higher orders that seem to have a more prominent claim to distinction.

A pious clergyman in London has read the Bible hundreds of times, but cannot explain away a little coincidence of his recent experience. He was preaching in a church where he was not known, and was so impressed with the fact that it was the anniversary of the death of a favorite child, that he referred in his sermon to those who bore upon their hearts the memory of great sorrows. His reference to the matter was not more particular than this, but after he had done, a lady of the congregation sent word to him. He found that she was one with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, and unless she had made it her business to inquire into his past life she might be assumed to know nothing of what was upon his mind. Yet she had sent for him to tell him that she was a clairvoyant, and all the time he was preaching she had seen a little boy, whose appearance she described, standing by his side, and ever and anon stroking his hair.

—*Phila. Evening Telegraph.*

Somebody has estimated that at the present rate of conversions in India it will take 6,000 years to convert the whole country. There are others who say the converts are "the worst rogues in India." The *Examiner* (London) citing these and other statements, says people are beginning to consider whether it is wise or just to send "tens of thousands of pounds abroad to convert a people who are more moral than ourselves, while at home we have sunk in vice, ignorance and degradation, millions of our own countrymen." Doubtless the "civilized heathen" of many of the eastern countries would see many reasons, in the slums of London and the immorality and brutishness of some of the country sections of England, to wonder what call such a people have to "evangelize the world." But it is not that the Christian spirit leads them to go too far or pay too much; they do not in the right way begin and continue the work at home.—*Golden Rule.*

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

—*Pythagoras.*

Gems of Thought.

—If you reject the iron you will never make the steel.

—To starve is a small matter; to lose one's virtue is a great one.

—If treated rudely, return it not, but examine yourself.

—The modest gain; the self-satisfied lose.

—Let the root be good, and the fruit shall not be evil.

—In every affair retire a step, and you have an advantage.

—Seeing men in haste, do not seek to overtake them.

—Each blade of grass has its drop of dew. The wild birds lay up no stores; but earth and heaven are wide. Strange, indeed, if you cannot rest in the duties of your sphere.

—Principle, like truth, needs no contrivance: it will tell its own tale, and tell it in the same way.—*Thomas Paine.*

—When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—*Koran.*

—In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this is at least certain, if there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.

—*Frederick Wm. Robertson.*

—That a man should be punished for having come to an honest conclusion, the honest product of his brain; that an honest conclusion should be deemed a crime and so declared, is an infamous, monstrous assertion, and I would rather go to hell than to keep the company of a God who would damn a child for an honest belief.—*Ingersoll.*

—Knowledge does not comprise all that is contained in the large term education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling to be installed; and pure morality to be inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—*Daniel Webster.*

—A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me: the fragrance of these good actions always redounding to me, the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him. For as sound belongs to the drum, and shadow to the substance, so in the end, misery will certainly overtake the evil-doer.

—*Buddha.*

—All the religions of the world forbid examination, and are not disposed that man should reason upon them: it is authority that wills they should believe in God; this God is himself founded solely upon the authority of some men, who pretend to have a knowledge of him, and to be sent to announce him to the earth. A God made by men, has, without doubt, occasion for men to make him known to men.—*D' Holback.*

—Out of mud springs the lotus flower; out of clay come gold and many precious things; out of oysters the pearls; the brightest silks to robe fairest forms are spun by a worm; bezoar from the bull, musk from the deer are produced; from a stick is born flame; from the jungle comes sweetest honey. As from sources of little worth come the precious things of earth, so is it with hearts that hold their fortune within. They need not lofty birth nor noble kin. Their victory is recorded.—*Buddha.*

—Marriage has in it less of beauty but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweets from every flower, and labors, and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Correspondence.

The following extracts are from a letter of Dr. Peebles to us. It will bear careful reading.

HAMMONTON, N. J., Oct. 17, 1881.

My dear Sir and Brother :

I reached home only yesterday from my summer lecture trip to Denver, Col., and among many letters, I found one from you. Accept thanks. I am pleased to hear that you are to start a magazine. The good and sunny South needs such a journal as you propose starting. I hope it will advocate a bold rational, *Christian Spiritualism*. I don't mean sect, creed, nor anything of the kind; but a Godless, Christless, irreligious, prayer-hating Spiritualism, whose mission is *demolition*, will never succeed. Man is naturally religious, and *religion of some kind* he will have. Do not infer, or even dream, that I am favoring bigotry, superstition or the *Creed*s of the churches. No, No! It seems to me that some in the North and many in the South would cheerfully support such a periodical as you propose to publish. * * * I am furthermore pleased to know that your "Society" is prospering. * * * How soon do you want the letter or article from me for your first number? Spiritualism is still achieving its conquests here in these more northern latitudes. * * * You inquired when I am coming South again; really, I have no time fixed. And yet, I have thought seriously of lecturing this winter in some portions of the South upon my travels in Asia and Africa. I lecture almost entirely now-a-days upon travels, illustrating them with paintings. How do you think the lectures would take in the South? * * * Let me hear from you again.

Most truly yours,

J. M. PEEBLES.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

The following extracts are from a friendly letter to the editor of this magazine from that great and noble worker in the cause of humanity, Dr. Abbie E. Cutter, whom we hope to see and hear again in Atlanta this Autumn. She kindly intimates such a possibility.

EAST WAREHAM, MASS., Sept. 17, 1881.

W. C. Bowman,

Dear Brother: Your kind letter came to hand in due time, but press of work has prevented me from answering. Yes, I do remember you and your brave wife, as well as other dear friends I met at your city. I did enjoy your lecture on Atheism, very much indeed. I am glad you are free and can speak as the spirit wills.

* * * A better day is dawning for all earth's children. The people are becoming conscious of the great injustice that exists at the present time in allowing millions of money to be invested in untaxed church property and poor suffering humanity needing the necessities of life. The churches are slowly but surely crumbling to dust and decay. God speed the day when every church edifice shall be turned into a school of industry where children can be taught how to care for and build up the human temple, so that the spirit can have proper conditions to develop while gaining the earth experience.

My work on this island is one organized by, and is being carried forward by spirit direction. It is in its infancy, but growing into a place where *spirit* teachers will be able to give instruction on all the grand laws of life. I am struggling hard and bending all my energies to carry out their wishes. I am sorry to say that many Spiritualists have not outgrown all the old selfishness of the past, and those that are willing to assist the spirits have not the means, so there are no great advancements being made in any department of the Spiritual movement, but the heaven has permeated the whole loaf and in my judgment the time is not far distant when there will be such an outpouring of the spirit as has never yet been seen. The power of the spirits over matter is being strengthened and they are materializing in all parts of the world, and as soon as they can appear and disappear at will, and in all places, there will surely be an end to the old condition and a new one of love, harmony and good will to all be established. * * *

I expect to be obliged to go away again this winter to earn the money to keep my family as well as carry forward the work of the spirits.

I think if I should come South and were in Atlanta, I might give some lectures, which I would gladly do, to help

along the cause and awaken an interest in the minds of the people to investigate the truth of Spiritualism. * * *

I am glad to be kindly remembered by those with whom I became acquainted.

* * * Please to give my kind regards to your wife and all other friends at Atlanta. I should be very glad to visit them during the Exposition, but cannot tell now where or when I shall move or be. I am led by the spirits and shall work with them, must go as they direct. * * * If I live, I shall establish industrial schools, hospitals for the insane, homes for the fallen or unfortunate in every department of life, all to be under the care and direction of those who have graduated to that higher life, and are now delegated to return to us as teachers.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
ABBIE E. CUTTER.

LETTER FROM DR. WATSON.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 10, 1881.

Dear friend: Yours of the 6th informing me of your purpose to publish THE PROGRESSIVE AGE has been received and read with much interest. I need not say to you that I am decidedly gratified at the announcement. We need more papers, especially in the South, to enlighten our people in regard to the great truths of our heaven-born, harmonious philosophy, and to defend our cause from the slanders often propagated, either ignorantly or wilfully in regard to its teachings.

The subjects that you propose to discuss are the most important that can engage the attention of rational intelligences. I think Dr. Bowman eminently qualified to edit such a periodical as you propose. I commenced the Spiritual Magazine with no paid subscriptions, yet it paid its expenses and several hundred dollars over. And but for the change that was made it might have continued. I therefore conclude that you can make it a financial success as well as make it an instrument of doing much for the promotion of the most glorious cause that is now agitating the world.

You shall have my hearty co-operation to make it a success in every respect.

I have written so much in my books, magazines and papers, that I scarcely know what to write about. I could, however, send you some communications re-

ceived at our family circle. I will venture to send one received night before last from two preachers, one the P. E. of this Memphis district and the other stationed at the first Methodist Church in this city when they departed.

I am, yours truly,

SAM'L WATSON.

Reflections.

Body, soul, intelligence: to the body belong sensations, to the soul appetites, to the intelligence principles. To receive the impressions of forms by means of appearances belongs even to animals: to be pulled by the strings of desire belongs both to animals and to men who have made themselves into women, and to a Phalaris and a Nero; and to have the intelligence that guides to the things which appear suitable belongs also to those who betray their country and do their impure deeds when they have shut the doors. If then, everything else is common to all that I have mentioned, there remains that which is peculiar to a good man, to be pleased and content with what happens, and with the thread which is spun for him; and not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images, but to preserve it tranquil, following it obediently as a god, neither saying anything contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice. And if all men refuse to believe that he lives a simple, modest and contented life, he is neither angry with any of them, nor does he deviate from the way which leads to the end of life, to which a man ought to come pure, tranquil, ready to depart, and without any compulsion, perfectly reconciled to his lot.—*Marcus Aurelius Antonius.*

—For more than three centuries, the decadence of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress. In medicine, physical science, commercial interests, politics, and even ethics, the reformer has been confronted with theological affirmations that have barred his way, which were all defended as of vital importance, and were all compelled to yield before the secularizing influence of civilization.

—*Lecky.*

Gladstone, the Premier of England, is reported as saying that he neither accepts nor condemns Spiritualism, but awaits developments.

New's Notes.

A strange phase of healing mediumship has appeared in France, in the person of a young man who can neither read nor write, but describes with accuracy, from blank paper, medicinal herbs and plants to be used for any given disease.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan has lately obtained, through a private medium, several paintings in oil, directly from the spirits, and one of the editors of the *New York Tribune* has received a portrait of Horace Greeley in the same way.

Dr. J. G. Holland, of *Scribner's Monthly*, has passed over, and thus the spirit of a great writer may be able to give some interesting correspondence from the other side.

Andrew Jackson Davis is the regular lecturer for the Harmonial Association in New York city. He also lectures "out," occasionally.

The Spiritualists of Minnesota have organized a State Association, with Miss Susie M. Johnson, president, and V. Fell secretary, both of Minneapolis.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond is regular minister for the First Chicago Society of Spiritualists.

W. J. Colville lectures regularly for Berkley Hall Society, Boston, and at other points weekday evenings by invitation.

Two daughters of the late E. V. Wilson are travelling, and giving parlor seances, and private sittings as inspirational and test mediums. Their home is with their mother, at Lombard, Ill.

Drs. Henry Slade, and J. V. Mansfield, both reside in New York city, and can be reached, the former 238 West 34th street, and the latter 61 West 42d.

Dr. J. M. Peebles has been lecturing west, in Colorado, Minnesota; &c.

Mrs. Miller, a favorite medium of Dr. Sam'l Watson, is in Denver giving wonderful manifestations in materialization.

Dr. Saml. Watson is still bravely in the field spreading the leaven of Christian Spiritualism. He was recently on a lecturing tour west.

The Liberalists and Spiritualists of Atlanta, Ga., hold regular meetings at their hall, corner of Walton and Forsyth st's. Their exercises consist of Sunday lectures at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., Rev. W. C. Bowman stationed lecturer. A childrens progressive lyceum at 9:30 a. m every Sunday, and a Scientific lecture and music Thursday nights from 7 to 9 p. m. The public are cordially invited.

The spirit of the late President is said to have given an address on the 9th October in the city of Chicago, through the mediumship of Mrs Cora L. V. Richmond, on the subject "My Heavenly Home." The occurrence created great interest.

Boston next is to have a world's fair in 1885; and why should not the Universe revolve around its hub?

Parnell has been arrested, but progress has not.

Matters in Terre Haute.

I desire, for the information of many inquiring friends, to report through your columns that Annie M. Stewart is in good health, and her seances, which the hot weather suspended are now resumed. The interest in the seances, by the assistance of Mrs. Emma Hurst and Miss Ida Stewart, and the increased medial powers of Annie M. Stewart, is more than redoubled.

With the above mediums, under the management of the Pence Hall Committee, investigators of spirit phenomena can scarcely fail to find the evidence sought. Those coming from a distance to attend seances are advised to drop a note of inquiry in advance to the writer or to the Pence Hall Committee.

The seance room is open to all earnest investigators of the wonderful phenomena, and none, excepting the unjust and unprincipled, will be refused admittance. The committee will continue to superintend the seances and enforce order.

SAMUEL CONNER,

Member of the Committee.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 18th, 1881.

Editorial.

W. C. BOWMAN, - - - EDITOR.

SALUTATORY.

Herewith the first issue of THE PROGRESSIVE AGE is sent forth into the world to seek its fortune among many contemporaries, but properly, no competitors. By this last statement is meant that this magazine is to fill a place heretofore unoccupied by any publication of similar design—especially in the southern states of America. This is truly a progressive age, and the name selected for this magazine is designed to characterize its purpose and its work. Two distinct objects will be kept constantly in view by the publishers, and all matter seeking a place in the columns of this journal will be rigidly scrutinized as to its fitness or unfitness for these objects. The first object in view is to keep fully ahead of the times, and make THE PROGRESSIVE AGE speak the best and brightest thoughts of the most advanced liberal thinkers, speakers and writers of the world on all the great physical, social, moral and religious questions of the age, especially in their relations to true science. Nor will it recognize any religion not based on a scientific foundation both as to its facts and its theories. The second of the two objects in view is to make THE PROGRESSIVE AGE a faithful exponent of the spiritual philosophy in its highest aspects and its truest bearings on human life and progress, together with a report and discussion of all such spiritual phenomena, occurring throughout the world, as may best illustrate and demonstrate this wonderful religion and philosophy now so rapidly spreading over the earth. These objects we believe to be worthy the best energies and efforts of true philanthropists. We believe that the old forms of

religious thought and work are in many vital particulars, grossly false and therefore antagonistic to the true progress, development and happiness of mankind. We believe that the religion known as Spiritualism, and the philosophy known as Harmonial are the only religion and philosophy adapted to the intellectual and moral wants of the thinking people of this age, and to the necessities of human progress in general. These considerations have induced the publishers to undertake this enterprise with the hope that they may be able to contribute in some measure to the forwarding these worthy ends. They can only promise in entering upon this great work, to do their best to furnish the public with a monthly magazine which shall be worthy the grand object in view, and which may both merit and achieve the confidence, esteem and patronage of this wonderful and "progressive age."

To Correspondents.

We invite correspondence upon the questions treated and referred to in this magazine. We want the best thought of the times upon all advanced questions, and such is to be found among the practical men and women of the day. Have you not some experience or fact that will be of service to our readers? If so, let us have it. It will aid us in our plans and benefit our readers, and in turn may call out thoughts from others of benefit to yourself, more than compensating you for the time you have devoted to it.

The Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors, and prefers their names to each article. Where a *nom de plume* is signed the name and full address of the contributor must accompany the article, and will be held confidential unless otherwise expressed. We cannot undertake to return communications not used, unless the postage for that purpose is enclosed with them.

A Candid Confession

And a strong endorsement from a prominent Southern Presbyterian, which we take from a letter to us:

"Two things I believe spiritualism has accomplished for men. First, it has brought the spirit world nearer to us, made it seem like a reality. Second, It has shown that there is something besides matter and brute force, which something has power over matter."

Now a question to our friend: If Spiritualism has done for us what Calvinism could not do, why not abandon the old and preach the new gospel?

Rev. Samuel Watson.

We invite special attention to the encouraging letter of this distinguished worker in the advanced school of thought, and indulge the hope that our columns may be not unfrequently enriched from the abundant treasury of his long and wonderful experience in this new world of Spiritual revealments.

HUMOROUS.

A dying man sadly expressed his apprehension of the great distance from this world to the next. His sympathizing friend by his side consolingly exhorted him to take courage—that the "distance would be all down hill."

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for his correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called on at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery!"

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh!" said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of this reason before.

A preacher in a suburban town, while instructing a class of urchins in the catechism, told them that God could do everything, whereupon one of them asked: "Can God make a rock so big that He can't lift it?" The boy's question remains unanswered.

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